

H E A V E N :

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A

V I S I O N.

By Mr. SCOTT,
Fellow of TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

K.

Εγω γαρ ει μην μη ωμην ηξειν πρωτον μεν παρα Θεος σοφους τε και
αγαθους, επειτα και παρ' ανθρωπους τελειωηκοιας, αμεινους των
ενθαδε, ηδικεν αν, εκ αγανακτων τω Θανατω. PLATO.

CAMBRIDGE,

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M.DCC.LX. 1.

H E A V E N :

V I S I O N

By M. SCOTT,

Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

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290.



W. E. the undersigned, do assign Mr. STATIONER, to print the said poem on H. A. E. and direct the said poem to be printed.

Oct 30 1765

James Burroughs Esq. Chancellor
of the University of Cambridge
Mr. John Clerk Esq. Secretary

A Clause of Mr. SEATON's Will.

Dated Oct. 8. 1738.

I Give my Kissingbury Estate to the University of Cambridge for ever: the Rents of which shall be disposed of yearly by the Vice-Chancellor for the time being, as he the Vice-Chancellor, the Master of Clare Hall, and the Greek Professor for the time being, or any two of them shall agree. Which three persons aforesaid shall give out a Subject, which Subject shall for the first Year be one or other of the Perfections or Attributes of the Supreme Being, and so the succeeding Years, till the Subject is exhausted; and afterwards the Subject shall be either Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, Purity of Heart, &c. or whatever else may be judged by the Vice-Chancellor, Master of Clare Hall, and Greek Professor, to be most conducive to the Honour of the Supreme Being and Recommendation of Virtue. And they shall yearly dispose of the Rent of the above Estate to that Master of Arts, whose Poem on the Subject given shall be best approved by them. Which Poem I ordain to be always in English, and to be printed; the expence of which shall be deducted out of the product of the Estate, and the residue given as a reward for the Composer of the Poem, or Ode, or Copy of Verses.

WE the underwritten, do assign Mr. SEATON's Reward to Mr. SCOTT, M. A. for his Poem on HEAVEN; and direct the said Poem to be printed.

Oct. 30. 1760.

James Burrough Vice-Chancellor.
J. Wilcox Master of Clare Hall.
M. Lort Greek Professor.

A Child of Mr. SEATON'S Will.

Dated Oct. 8. 1738.

H E A V E N

V I S I O N

And bright the dew of calm sleep away.
And what avails, I cry'd, with painful toil,
By Virtue's feeblest star the dark to guide,
Far from * ACRASIA's wretched life.

And here calm and pleasant heart divides;
If life's short voyage undisturbed tends
To darkness, and the land where all forgotten ends.

* Poet's FAIRY QUEEN, Book II. Canto II.

H E A V E N :

A V I S I O N.

FULL many a tedious hour, with care oppress'd,
Stretcht on my weary bed, I wakeful lay,
Sad troublous thoughts, like hornets, stung my breast,
And brusht the dews of balmy sleep away.
Ah ! what avails, I cry'd, with painful toil,
By Virtue's stedfast star the bark to guide,
Far from * ACRASIA's wily-wandring Isle,
Where ease and pleasure the frail heart divide;
If life's short voyage undistinguish'd tends
To darkness, and the land where all forgotten ends?

* Spenser's FAIRY QUEEN, Book II.

Shall

II.

Shall worth lie hid in sorrow's baleful shade?
 And no reward shall suff'ring Goodness find,
 While VICE triumphant lifts her pamper'd head,
 Nor hears the steps of Vengeance close behind?—
 Then take me, Pow'r of Beauty, to thy arms,
 And lull, ah lull to peace my troubled soul!
 Disclose, O God of Wine, thy purple charms,
 I'll drown reflection in the mantling bowl!
 'Gainst wind, and tide, let Stoic dullness fail,
 Be mine the calmest sea, and pleasure's briskest gale.

III.

Pensive I mus'd, 'till rose the blushing Morn,
 And spread her saffron mantle o'er the skies;
 When pitying MORPHEUS shook his opiate horn,
 And slumbrous humours drown'd my weary'd eyes:
 Yet FANCY still awake, to sooth my pain,
 Sweet scenes of joy in liveliest hue pourtray'd;
 She call'd forth all her bright ideal train,
 And pleasing truths in mystic dreams convey'd:
 Oh fail me not, thou fair enchanting Pow'r,
 At Sorrow's grim approach, and Care's distressful hour

Antecedentem Scelestum deseruit Pana. HOR.

Born

A VISION.

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IV.

Borne thro' the yielding air, methought I flew
 To some more blissful clime, sequester'd far
 From this frail world, that just appear'd to view,
 Like the faint glimm'ring of a distant star.
 Deep in the sea's encircling wave 'twas plac'd,
 As gems in silver; hoary Ocean smil'd
 Chear'd with the pleasing sight; and ^afrom his breast
 Sent his sweet children, breezes fresh and mild:
 No clouds, nor darkness, veil'd the chearful scene,
 Nor wintry blasts deform'd the ground's eternal green.

V.

Lo to the West a large and spacious plain,
 Where meet in concert, wood, and hill, and dale;
 Brighter than all that muse-led Poets feign
 Of IDA's grove, and TEMPE's hallow'd vale:
 Tho' PENEUS there revolves his ^bamber stream,
 And suppliant DAPHNE spreads her branching arms;
 Still trembling lest the Sun's prolific beam,
 Too fiercely wanton, blast her virgin charms:
 Would'st thou escape? Go, coy relentless maid,
 Go chuse some worse retreat, some less luxurious shade!

^a Εὐθα μακαρῶν ναῶν ὠκεανίδες αὐαὶ περιπνεύσι. PIND.

^b Ἀλκιβείου ὕδωρ. CALLIM. — *Amnis purior Electro.* VIRG.

There

VI.

There blooming groves, gay smiling with delight,
 From her fair womb spontaneous Nature brings;
 Where percht on every bough, all richly dight
 With painted plumes, some ^aharmless Siren sings:
 Pleas'd with the wild notes Zephyr flits unseen,
 And on his musky wings the sound conveys;
 While trickling soft, each vary'd pause between,
 The murm'ring riv'lets roll their silver base;
 Winds, waters, birds in seemly sort agree,
 And am'rous ECHO blends the liquid melody.

VII.

Nor there alone was charm'd one scanty sense:
 The loaded trees ambrosial fruitage bear;
 The ^bweeping shrubs their spicy gums dispense,
 Whose fragrance fresh-imbals the buxom air;
 Thousands of flow'rs their filken webs unfold,
 Amarants, immortal amarants arise,
 These beaming bright with ^cvegetable gold,
 And these with azure, these with Tyrian dyes;
 There laughing sweetly red the roses glow,
 While from their breathing souls celestial odours flow.

^a *Nemoris Siren, innoxia Siren.* STRADA'S NIGHTINGALE.

^b *Flet tamen, et tepidae manant ex Arbore Guttæ.* OVID. MET.

^c *Ἀνθεμα δὲ χρυσὸν φλέγει.* PIND.

VIII.

But hark, a voice soft-warbling strikes my ear!—

“Behold, O man, fair VIRTUE’s ample meed;

“Behold these radiant plains, this star-girt sphere,

“By righteous JOVE her portion are decreed!

“Mould not, ah mould not then in idle cell,

“But strive these rapt’rous Mansions to attain;

“Here all the wise, the brave, the virtuous dwell,

“Eternal ages^a free from care, and pain:

“Here in ELYSIAN seats, their calm abodes,

“Live in communion blest,^b with heroes, and with gods!”

IX.

Eastward to this methought a diff’rent scene,

Of equal beauty, charm’d my raptur’d sight:

Wide spacious lawns with swelling hills between,

And groves of bliss, and gardens of delight.

There lotes, and palms their copious branches twine,

And over-arching form delicious bow’rs;

There gush nectareous rills of dulcet wine,

And honey’d streams revolve their milky stores;

Fresh-bleeding myrrh, and cassia shed perfume,

Ananas swell with sweets, and wild pomegranates bloom.

^a Ἀδάκτου ὑπερβολὰς ἀδύνα. PIND.

^b Παρὰ μὲν τῆς τοῦ Θεοῦ. Ibid.

X.

Fast by a fount, whose ^a*spicy waters* glide
 In am'rous mazes, on the velvet ground
 With blushing flow'rs all goodly beautify'd,
 A smiling troop of Virgins dance around;
 Fairer than DELIA's silver-buskin'd train,
 When erst, LADONA, by thy lili'd banks,
 Or cool ^bEUROTA's laurel-fringed plain,
 To breathing lutes they tript in seemly ranks;
 And fairer, CYPRIUS, than thy wanton quire,
 That melt the soul to love, and kindle fierce desire.

XI.

Their eyes, 'like pearls within the shells conceal'd,
 Beauteous and black; their lips with rubies vye;
 On their fair cheeks, with white and red anneal'd,
 What thousand dimpling Smiles in ambush lie!
 See, see they point to yon embow'ring shade,
 Where cool gales fan their odorif'rous wings,
 And FLORA's freshest, softest couch is spread;
 The whiles some one this lovely ditty sings!
 Thro' all my veins what thrilling transport flew
 To hear the nectar'd words, dropping like honey'd dew!

^a Called by the *Arabic* Writers *Zenzebil*, and promised by *Mahomet* to all the Faithful;

^b ——— *In Eurota Ripis*

Exercet Diana Choros ——— VIRG.

^c See *Sale's Koran*, Chapter the 56th.

XII.

“ Haste, gentle youth, for lo, the way is plain!

“ Haste, gentle youth, and hear the PROPHET’s call!

“ These are the joys that true Believers gain,

“ Immortal joys, that never know to pall.

“ Come then, ah come thy weary limbs recline

“ On filken beds of roses sweetly strow’d,

“ Where to thy touch compliant bows the vine,

“ All faint, and lab’ring with the luscious load;

“ Where Nymphs of Paradise their charms reveal,

“ And with their am’rous spoils thy greedy eyes regale!”

XIII.

She ceas’d — And molten with excess of joy,

Voluptuous Hope was busy in my breast:

When lo, swift-darting from th’ extremest sky,

With Seraph-plumes, an Angel stood confest!

A pure immortal Crown adorn’d her head,

Of gold inwove with jewels; in her hand

The Book of Life, and Mercy was display’d,

With ruddy drops of dying Martyrs stain’d;

Her eagle-eyes were quick, and passing bright,

Yet beam’d serene, and mild, with Heav’n’s celestial light.

XIV.

“ And O fond foolish man,” she cry’d, “ forbear
 “ Idly to glote on forms so light, and vain!
 “ What are these jocund scenes, but empty air,
 “ The fleeting coinage of a phrenzy’d brain?—
 “ Yet ev’n in These, as ^a darkly thro’ a glass,
 “ Some faint, some glimm’ring view the eye may gain
 “ Of those unmingled joys, that far surpass
 “ Whate’er of bliss the wit of man can feign;
 “ Those pure Delights, that flow in streams divine,
 “ Where thy imperial Tow’rs, O heav’nly SALEM, shine!

XV.

“ For know, my Son, that they whose worth is try’d,
 “ As gold by fire, by great and virtuous deeds,
 “ Soon as the carnal fetters are unty’d,
 “ That chain the soul, and stript these mortal weeds;
 “ Haply shall soar, in Robes of Glory clad,
 “ To heav’nly Mansions, bright Abodes, prepar’d
 “ ^bE’re the foundations of the deep were laid,
 “ Or the firm pillars of the earth were rear’d;
 “ E’re GOD his golden compasses employ’d,
 “ And markt this beauteous World on Chaos dark, and void

^a 1 Corinth. xiii. chap. 12.^b Prov. viii. 6. 24. 25. 27, &c.

XVI.

“ There shall they live, O happy, happy spirits !

— “ There shall they live remov'd from all the cares,

“ And thousand ills, that feeble flesh inherits:

“ No greedy Want, nor wayward Lust, that tears

“ With vip'rous rage the breast from whence it sprung,

“ Their deep-embosom'd peace shall e'er torment;

“ But hymning sweet, the Angel Troops among,

“ Their undisturbed lays of pure content,

“ The smiling hours immortal shall employ,

“ In trance of holy ease, or extacy of joy.

XVII.

“ Then shall their eyes, from cloudy films secure,

“ With lightning-glance unmeasur'd space behold ;

“ And all the thousand Stars, that pave the floor

“ Of Heav'n, with orient pearl, or living gold ;

“ Then floating thro' the boundless Deep of air,

“ An azure sea, like gems of richest hue,

“ Myriads of Worlds thick-scatter'd shall appear,

“ With all their bright Inhabitants to view ;

“ Their active minds shall traverse, quick as thought,

“ Creation's ample fields, the range 'twixt God and nought.

“ And

XVIII.

- “ And oh what streams of music sweet, and clear,
 “ Shall drown in deep delight their raptur’d souls! —
 “ Ay me, in vain to Man’s unpurged ear
 “ Their heav’nly Notes each tuneful planet rolls!
 “ Ay me, in vain with softly-thrilling voice,
 “ ‘Thro’ ev’ry land they hymn their Maker’s Praise,
 “ While Choirs of young-ey’d Cherubims rejoice,
 “ And to their golden Harps mellifluous Lays
 “ Attuning, *Holy, holy, holy*, sing,
 “ *O Lord, Almighty God, the Saints’ eternal King!*

XIX.

- “ But not in vain the tuneful planets raise
 “ To pure etherial souls their voice divine;
 “ Nor yet in vain their great Creator’s praise
 “ Do gladsome choirs of young-ey’d Cherubs join:
 “ No blessed Sp’rit but hears the sacred song,
 “ And wakes his lyre melodious part to bear
 “ In the sweet symphony; while all the throng
 “ Of angels, and arch-angels, nay, the ear
 “ Of God delighted listens to the strains. —
 “ In Heav’n, and heav’n-born minds such rapt’rous concord
 “ reigns!

^a Psal. xix. 3, 4.

XX.

" But where, ah where can glowing tints be found
 " To paint the charms of ^a SION's sacred place,
 " ^b Where CHRIST the Lamb in radiance sits enthron'd,
 " The ^c lively Image of his Father's Grace?
 " O Flow'r of love! O ^d glorious Morning star!
 " O ^e Sun of Righteousness, whose healing wings
 " Brought life, and peace, and mercy from afar!
 " From Thee the light, thou beaming Fountain, springs,
 " That guides poor mortals in their weary way,
 " Thro' black Affliction's night, to Pleasure's endless day!

XXI.

" JESUS! — and didst thou leave thy Bow'rs of joy?
 " And didst thou leave thy Father's dear embrace,
 " Content with agonizing pangs to die
 " For man's forlorn, rebellious, sinful race?
 " What bliss to hear the high mysterious story,
 " By all the Prophets, all th' Apostles sung,
 " And noble army' of Martyrs, crown'd with glory;
 " Where blest, the fix-wing'd Seraphins among,
 " They drink immortal, from thy rapt'rous fight,
 " Conceiveless draughts of Love's ineffable delight!

^a Heb. xii. 22. ^b Psal. ii. 6. ^c Heb. i. 3. ^d Rev. xxii. 16. ^e Mal. iv. 2.

XXII.

“ Hail saints of light ! who once the patient train
 “ Of silent Sorrow, thro’ the thorny road
 “ Of mis’ry toil’d, and unappall’d by pain
 “ With Pilgrim-feet the long, long journey trod !
 “ O taught by them, thou man of earth, sustain
 “ With firm unwearied arm the dang’rous fight !
 “ The ^a Prize of thy High-calling dare to gain,
 “ ^b Victorious Palms, and robes of spotless white ;
 “ So in ^c the Book of Life thy name shall shine,
 “ And Heav’n’s eternal joys, and transports all be thine.”

XXIII.

Scarce had she spoke, when that ^d Cherubic car,
 Instinct with soul, and those self-moving wheels,
 That whirl’d the holy Sage, from CHEBAR far,
 Appear’d : — my breast the rushing impulse feels !
 I see, I see thy glitt’ring turrets rise,
 Celestial SALEM, all of ^e lucid gold,
 Inlaid with gems of thousand, thousand dyes !
 And lo, the everlasting gates unfold
 Their ^f doors of pearl, and o’er my aching sight
 Full tides of glory flow, and streams of living light !

^a Phil. iii. 14. ^b Rev. vii. 9. ^c Rev. iii. 5. ^d Ezek. i. ^e Rev. xxi. 18, 19.
^f Rev. xxi. 21.

A VISION.

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XXIV.

Of Light surpassing far thy glimm'ring ray,
 (More bright, more clear, more glorious, more divine)
 Tho' drest by thee, ^a O golden Eye of Day,
 In gaudy robes the sparkling diamonds shine;
 Tho' yon fair Moon to thee her lustre owes,
 Gilding with borrow'd light the mountain's brow;
 And IRIS steals from thee each tint, that glows
 In the gay forehead of the show'ry Bow:
 Faint is thy feeble blaze, O beauteous Sun!
 Such peerless beams appear from Truth's eternal throne.

XXV.

See thro' the streets, ^b like liquid jasper clear,
 The Fount of life in mazy error flows!
 Thro' the bright ^c Crystal sands of gold appear,
 And heaps of pearly grain; while blooming grows,
 On either bank of dainty flow'rs profuse,
 The Tree of Life superior o'er the rest,
 Whose teeming branches nectar'd fruits produce:
^d Twelve various fruits of sweetly-vary'd taste,
 From ev'ry leaf ^e salubrious dew's exhale,
 And pure elixirs breathe in ev'ry balmy gale.

^a Ω χρυσεας αμερας βλεφαρον.

SOPH.

^b Rev. xxi. 11.

^c Ibid.

^d Rev. xxii. 2.

^e Ibid.

XXVI.

Lo there, diffus'd along the sacred brink,
 Angelic choirs replete with love and joy,
 Conceive their God, and from his presence drink
 Beatitude past utterance! — There they lie
 On flow'ring beds of balsam, cassia, nard,
 And myrrh, a wilderness of rich perfumes;
 Embalm'd they lie, like that Arabian bird,
 'Midst od'rous shrubs, and incense-breathing gums,
 Whose life springs recent from the sun-born fire,
 While clouds of spicy smoke in bluish wreaths aspire.

XXVII.

But spare, O spare me, Heav'n! — my fainting soul
 Sickens with bliss too great for mortal sense!
 Come, o'er my limbs thy quick'ning waters roll,
 Life-giving stream, and all thy balm dispense!
 And thou, fair Tree, the source of all our woes,
 (That bloom'd so fatal erst in EDEN's glade,
 Transplanted since to Heav'n) thy friendly boughs
 Extend, and wrap me in thy brownest shade!
 O veil me from the LAMB's too glorious sight,
 From Majesty's full blaze, insufferably bright!

XXVIII.

Trembling I wak'd with sweet excess of joy,

And on the wings of Sleep, more swift than wind,
Away the fickle, fond delusions fly;

Yet leave their Fairy-steps the trace behind:

Hear then, ye fainted Myriads, from your spheres,

And gently beam your kindliest influence down;

Lift, lift my thoughts above life's groveling cares,

To Joys sublime, and Virtue's glorious Crown!

O guide my Virgin-Soul the high Abode

To reach, the HEAV'N OF HEAV'NS, where reigns th' eternal
God!

F I N I S

Trombling I walk'd with sweet extols of joy,
 And on the wings of sleep, more swift than wind,
 Away the fickle, fond delusions fly;
 Yet leave their Fairy-steps the trace behind:
 Hear then, ye fainting Myriads, from your spheres,
 And gently beam your kindest influence down;

November 28, 1760.

In the Spring will be published,

ODES on several SUBJECTS.

By Mr. SCOTT.



Handwritten signature or scribble.